

Connolly Springs Nov 30 1891  
Dear Bro Peter, and sister Ann

Alex has already made you acquainted with the sad news, that his dear father has gone to his rest. This was a lovely morning, every thing was dazzling in the sun shiner. Having been sprinkled plentifully yesterday, with spotless snow. The world was glorious in its mantle of snowy white sparkling in the sunshine as we bore our dear one to his last resting place. Our hearts are sad, sad and lonely. But, it is the will of the Lord, and let us say from our hearts: "Thy will be done." Our dear one suffered intensely during his sickness, but, thank the Lord, we were enabled not to let him suffer long at a time.



when the hot applications fail-  
ed to relieve, we gave him his  
rest medicine which always  
relieved within about 15 or  
20 minutes and put him to  
sleep. We had one doctor in  
constant attendance whom  
he loved, a good christian as  
well as a good physician and  
another, a northern man, con-  
sidered the very best in the coun-  
try in consultation, besides  
another who came in place of  
our regular doctor on one oc-  
casion, but all was of no avail.  
He has been evidently failing  
for the last year or two, and  
the last few weeks sunk stead-  
ily and rapidly. Hear Bro  
Peter, your last letter so kind and  
so brotherly, and welcome as all your  
letters were, came too late for our dear



one to hear it read. he knew of  
it however. "So kind," he said  
but he was not able to hear it read.  
You all know how tender hearted  
he was, and it agitated him  
much, to speak or hear of the  
dear absent ones. The last  
time we knelt in audible  
prayer at his bedside, dear  
Alex. led, not knowing whether  
he could understand, but  
he responded with fervent  
Amen, adding "My darlings  
my darlings. be near them, oh!  
be near them." There were the  
last words we could be sure  
he was quite himself. Dur-  
ing the last three days his  
mind was clouded, and more  
and more stupified with the  
poison in his blood. His end  
was peaceful and calm as  
the fading of a summer day.



Dear Margaret's beautiful letter  
he was not able to hear, but  
responded as usual "So kind"  
when told of it. Dear Ann  
and dear Margaret, you know  
how to sympathize with me.  
Pray for us both that we may  
be kept and guided. and  
that he "may ever be near us"  
till we all meet around the throne  
of the Beloved. Praise be His  
Holy name. The grave in which  
Jesus was laid, has buried my  
guilt and my fears. And when  
I contemplate its shade. The light  
of His presence appears. How often  
our dear one quoted these lines  
in speaking to others and di-  
recting them. so earnestly to the  
fountain where all of us must  
go for cleansing and for life.

May the Good Lord keep us  
every one unto his Kingdom and  
glory. Your Affe. Friend. D. Stewart.